



LINES WRITTEN ON THE **BARLEY CORN**

There was three farmers in the north as they were passing by
 They swore an oath a mighty oath that barley corn should die
 One o' them said drwn him the other said hang him high,
 For whoever will stick to barley grain begging he will die

CHORUS— — With me fail la &c

They put poor barley in to a sack of a cold & rainy day,
 And brought him of to o' ons fie ds & burnd him in the clay
 Frost and snow began to melt and the dew began to fall,
 When barley grain put up eis head & soon surprised them all

Being in the summer season and the harvest coming on
 It is teeo he stands up in the field with beard like an' man
 The reaper came with his hook and use'd me bar o' rally,
 He caught by the middle so small & cut me above the knee,

The next come was the binder & look'd on me with a frown
 B-s in the middle there was a thistle that pull'd his courage
 down,

The farmer came with his pitchfork & peirce'd to the heart
 Like a thief a roage or highwayman they tied me to the cart

The thrasher came with his big flail & soon he broke my
 bones,

It would greive the heart of any man to hear my sighs and
 groans,

The next thing they done to me they steep'd me in a well
 They left me there for a day & night until my bellp began
 to swell,

The next thing teey done to me they dried me in a kiln
 They used me ten times worse than that they grow'd me in
 a mill,

They used me in the kitchen they used me in the hall,

They used me in the parlour among the ladies all,

The barley grain is a comical grain it makes man sigh and
 moan,

For when they take a glass or two they forget their wife and
 home,

The drunkard is a dirty man he used me worse than all
 He drank me up in his dirty gut & spew'd me against the
 wall,